

Prepare for "The Red Mazeppa: or, the Madman of the Plains," by Albert W. Aiken, author of "The Wolf Demon."

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## LOVE'S INVOCATION.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

Good-by, dear love! God guide thee!  
No sorrow rest beside thee,  
No evil thing betide thee,  
And this thy comfort be,  
That when the day is breaking,  
The best-loved ones are bending  
To Heaven, and upward sending  
A prayer at home for thee!

We miss thy kind hand pressing  
Our hands, with touch caressing,  
We miss the gentle blessing,  
Which ours was wont to be;  
We miss the warm lips meeting  
Our own with tender greeting,  
And all our hearts are beating,  
With fondest love for thee!

Good-by, dear love! May nightingale  
Sweet numbers woo thee lightly—  
Sweet pillow cheer thee brightly—  
And this thy comfort be,  
That when the day is breaking,  
The best-loved ones are waking,  
From happy dreams, and making  
A prayer at home for thee!

## Tracked to Death: OR, THE LAST SHOT.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,  
AUTHOR OF "HELPLESS HAND," "LONE RANCH,"  
"SCALP HUNTERS," "WHITE CHIEF," ETC.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE ASSASSIN IN RETREAT.

THROUGH the thick forest, going as one pursued; keeping a track straight as the underwood allowed; at times breaking through it like a chased bear—now stumbling over a fallen log, or caught in a trailing grape-vine—Richard Darke fled from the place where he had laid his rival low.

He made neither stop nor stay—or, if so, but for a few instants at a time, just long enough to listen and try to discover whether or not he was followed.

Whether or not, he fancied it; again starting off with wild terror in his looks and trembling in his limbs. The sang-froid he had exhibited while in the act of concealing the body, seemed to have quite forsaken him. For then he felt confident there could be no witness of the deed—no track or trace to connect him with it as the door. It was the unthought-of presence of the dog that had produced the change, or, rather, the animal's having escaped. This, and his own startled fancies, for he was now really in affright.

He kept on for full a mile in headlong, reckless rushing. Then fatigue overtook him; his terror had become less impulsive; his fancies subdued in their exaggeration; and, believing himself far enough from the scene of danger, he at length desisted from flight.

He sat down upon a log, drew forth his pocket-handkerchief, and wiped the sweat from his face. He was panting, palpitating, perspiring at every pore. He now found time to reflect, and his first reflection was about the absurdity of his precipitate retreat, and then a thought of its imprudence.

"I've been a fool for it," he muttered. "Supposing some one had met or seen me? 'Twould only have made things worse."

"And what have I been running from? Only a hound, and nothing else. Curse the dog! He can't tell a tale upon me. The scratch of a bullet—who could say what sort of a ball, or what kind of gun it came from? No danger in that, whatever, and I've been stupid to think there could be."

"Well, it's all over now; and here I am. What next?"

For some minutes he remained upon the log, with the gun resting across his knees, and his head bent down almost between them. He appeared to bury himself in profound reflection. Something new was evidently before his mind—some scheme or project—requiring all his power of thought to elucidate.

"Sweet Helen! I shall keep that tryst, he muttered, seeming at length to have solved it. "Yes; I shall meet you under the magnolia—the accursed trysting-tree—this night. Who knows that by to-morrow I may not call it blessed? Who can tell what changes may be brought about in the heart of a woman?"

In history I had a royal namesake—a king of England, with a hump upon his shoulders—as he's said of himself, "deformed, unfinished, sent into the world scarce half made up," so that the dogs barked at him, as this brute of Clancy's has just been doing at me. And this royal Richard, shaped so lame and unfashionable, made court to the woman whose husband he had just slain—a proud Queen—wood and subdued her! Surely, this should encourage me! The more that I, Richard Darke, am neither holt nor hump-backed. No, nor yet unfashionable, as many a girl in Mississippi says, and more than one has sworn it.

"Proud Helen Armstrong may be; proud as Queen Anne she is. For all that, I've got something may subdue her—a scheme as cunning as that of my royal namesake. May God, or the devil, grant me a like success!"

At the moment of giving utterance to the profane prayer, he started to his feet. Then, taking out his watch, consulted it as to the time.

"Half-past nine," he muttered. "There won't be time for me to go home, and then over to Armstrong's wood-ground. Barely enough left to reach the trysting-tree. It's



"Helen Armstrong, my name is not Charles, but Richard—Richard Darke!"

more than two miles from here. No matter about going home. There's no need to change my dress. She won't notice this tear in the skirt. If she should, she'd never think of what had caused it, much less about its being a bullet. She won't see it, anyhow. I must be off. It will never do to keep the dear girl waiting. If she don't feel disappointed at seeing me, bless her! If she do, I say curse her! What's passed prepares me for either event. In any case, I shall have satisfaction for the slight she put upon me. I must have it."

He was stepping off, when a thought occurred to him. He was not certain as to the exact hour of the tryst under the magnolia. He might be there too soon. To make sure he plunged his hand into the pocket where he had deposited the letter and photograph, after holding the letter before the eyes of the dying man and witnessing the fatal effect. With all his diabolical hardihood, he had been a little awed by this, and had thrust the papers into his coat pocket hastily, carelessly. They were no longer there!

He groped the pocket, searching every corner of it. Neither letter nor photograph could be found!

He tried the other pockets of his dress—all of them—with like result. He examined his bullet-pouch and game-bag; no letter, no card-board, not a scrap of paper in either. The stolen epistle, its envelope, the inclosure, all were absent.

After once more ransacking his pockets, almost turning them inside out, he came to the conclusion that the letter and picture were lost.

It startled, and for a moment dismayed him. Where was the missing epistle? He must have let it fall while in flight through the forest! Should he go back in search of it?

No; he would not. He did not dare to return upon that track. The forest path was too somber, too solitary, now. By the margin of the dark lagoon, under the ghostly shadow of the cypresses, he might meet the ghost of the man he had murdered!

And why should he go back? After all,

there was no need. What was there in the epistle requiring him to regain possession of it? Nothing that could in any way compromise him. Why, then, should he care to recover it?

"Let the letter go to the devil, and the picture too! Let them rot where they've fallen—I suppose in the mud, under some cypress-tree! No matter for that. But it does matter my being under a magnolia-tree in good time. So I stay no longer here."

Obedient to the resolution thus formed, he rebuttoned his coat—thrown open in the search for the missing papers—carelessly threw the double-barrel—the murder-gun—over his shoulder, and strode off to keep an appointment that had been made by Helen Armstrong herself—dictated by the purest passion of love."

CHAPTER IX.

### UNDER THE MAGNOLIA.

PERHAPS for the first time in her life, Helen Armstrong walked with stealthy step, and crouchingly. Daughter of a large slave-owner—herself mistress over slaves—she was accustomed to an upright attitude, and aristocratic bearing. But she was now on an errand that required more than ordinary caution, and would have dreaded recognition by the humblest slave on her father's estate.

Cloaked and hooded—the hood drawn well over her face—with body bent, as she moved silently forward, it would have taken the sharpest of darkies to identify her as his young mistress—the eldest child of his "Massa," Colonel Armstrong—more especially, as it was after night she was thus cautiously proceeding, and under the shadow of trees.

Notwithstanding the obscurity, she was keeping on in a straight course, as if making some definite point, and with a purpose.

Does it need to be told what this purpose was? Love, alone, could call a young lady out at that hour; and only love—not allowed—perhaps forbidden, by some one

having ascendancy over her—only this could account for her making her way through the wood in such secret guise. At that same hour and moment Colonel Armstrong was busy with all his household, free white retainers as well as dusky slaves. Of the last there were not many left to him, Ephraim Darke having foreclosed the mortgage and obtained possession of the estate made over to him by private sale. Three or four field-hands and some half-dozen house-servants—whose affection made them almost members of the family—were all that remained to the ruined planter.

He was about to move off with these to make the beginning of a new home in Texas, and the next morning was the hour appointed for starting. At an early hour, too, so that the night was being given to the final settlement of affairs and preparations for the journey. Thus, fully occupied—chiefly with outdoor matters—he had no time to give to his family. His two daughters he supposed to be equally engrossed with those cares on such occasions left to the female members of the household.

Had the proud planter—still proud, though now in comparative poverty—had he at that moment been told of his eldest son being abroad in the woods, it would have startled him. Further informed as to her errand—the keeping of a love appointment—it would have caused him to desist from his preparations for travel—perhaps thrown him into a terrible rage. And, made still better acquainted with the circumstances—who was the man thus favored with a nocturnal assignation, and that it was his own daughter, his eldest, the pride of his house and heart, who had made it, it is just possible he would have dropped whatever duty he was engaged upon, sprung to his pistols, and rushed off to the woods, on the track of his straying child, there, perhaps, to have enacted a tragedy sanguinary as that recounted, if not so repulsive.

Fortunately, he had no knowledge of aught that was passing. Engrossed in the cares of the night—the last he was to spend on his old plantation—thinking only of pre-

parations for the new home—he had no suspicion of his eldest daughter being absent from the house. He saw his youngest there; and she, her sister's confidante, both as to the absence and its cause, took pains to screen it.

Still stooping in her gait—casting furtive interrogatory glances to right, to left, forward, and behind—at intervals stopping to listen—Helen Armstrong continued on her nocturnal excursion.

She had not far to go—half a mile or so from the house. On the edge of the cultivated ground, where the primeval forest met the maize-field, stood a grand magnolia, that had been respected by the woodman's ax. This was to be the trysting-tree. She knew it—she had herself named it. It was the same tree in the knot-hole of which her trusted maid "Jule" had deposited the letter containing her photograph.

As she came to a stop under its spreading branches she threw open her cloak, tossed the hood back, and stood with uncovered face.

She had no fear now. It was beyond the range of night-strolling negroes. Only one in pursuit of 'possum or 'coon would be likely to come that way. But this was a contingency too rare to give her uneasiness.

With features expressing expectation, she stood under the tree—within the darkness of its shadow. Alone the fire-flies illuminated it, though it was one deserving a better light. But seen, even under the pale, fitful coruscation of the "lightning-bugs," so coarsely as inappropriately named, its beauty was beyond cavil or question. Dark hair, dark eyes and eyebrows, complexion of golden brown, features of gipsy type—to which the hooded cloak added characteristic expression—all combined in forming a picture appropriate to its framing—the forest.

Only for a few short moments did she remain motionless. Just long enough to get back her breath, spent by some exertion in making her way through the wood, more difficult in the darkness. Strong emotions, too, added to the beatings of her heart.

She did not wait for it to be still. Facing toward the tree, and standing on tiptoe, she raised her hand aloft, and commenced groping against the trunk. The fireflies gleamed on her slender, snow-white fingers, as they strayed along the bark; at length resting upon the edge of a dark disk, a knot-hole in the tree. Into this her hand was plunged, and after a moment came out—empty.

At first there was no appearance of disappointment. On the contrary, the phosphoric gleam, dimly illuminating her features, there showed satisfaction, still further evinced in the phrase that fell from her lips, and the tone of its utterance:

"It's got it!"

But by the same fitful light, soon after could be perceived a change—the slightest expression of chagrin, as she said in murmur of interrogation:

"Why has he not left an answer?"

Was she sure he had not? No. But soon she would be.

With this determination, she again faced toward the tree; once more inserted the slender fingers, plunged in the white hand up to the wrist; groped the dark cavity all around; then drew the hand out again, this time with an exclamation stronger than disappointment—discontent—almost anger.

"He might at least have let me know, whether he was coming or not—a word to say I might expect him. He should have been here before me? I am certain it is the hour—past it?"

She was not so. It was but a conjecture, and in this she might be mistaken, perhaps wronging him. To make certain, she drew the watch from her waist-belt, stepped out into the moonlight, and held the dial close to her eyes. The gold glowed bright, and the jewels flashed joyfully under the moonbeams. But there was no joy in Helen Armstrong's face. On the contrary, there could be seen on it a mixed expression of sadness and chagrin, for the hands of the watch pointed to ten minutes after the hour she had named in her letter.

There could be no mistake about the time she had herself appointed it. And none in the timepiece—she had full confidence in her watch—it was not a cheap one.

"Ten minutes after, and he not here! No answer to my note! He must certainly have received it. Jule put it into the tree; she assured me of it on her return. Who but he could have taken it out? No one is likely to know that. Oh! this is cruel! He comes not—I shall go home."

The cloak was once more closed around her; the hood drawn over her head. Still she lingered—lingered and listened.

No footstep—no sound to break the stillness of the forest; only the chirping of tree-cricket and the shrilling of owl.

She takes a last look at her watch—sadly, dispairingly. It shows fifteen minutes after the appointed time—nearly twenty! She restores it to its place, with an air of determination. Sadness, despair, chagrin—all three disappear from her countenance. Anger is now its expression. The coruscation of the firefly has a response in flashes less pale than its own phosphorescence—sparks from the eyes of an angry woman! Helen Armstrong is angry; and closely drawing her cloak around her, she turns away from the tree.

She has not passed beyond the shadow of its branches, ere her steps are stayed. A rustling of fallen leaves—a swishing among

those that still adhere to their branches—a footfall with tread solid and heavy—the footfall of a man!

The figure of one is seen, indistinctly at first, but surely a man.

"He has come at last," she joyfully reflects; despair, sadness, chagrin, all departing as he stands by her side.

But, womanlike, determined to make a grace of forgiveness, she begins by upbraiding him.

"You are here, indeed! Well, I wonder you come at all. There's an old adage, 'Better late than never.' Perhaps you think it befits you? And, perhaps, sir, speaking of myself, you may be mistaken. Never mind! Whether or not, I've been here long enough alone. And the hour's late enough for me to say good-night—good-night!"

Her speech was spiteful in tone and bitter in sense. She intended them to be both. While giving utterance to them she had drawn the hood over her head; and was moving off—as if determined to leave the lover who had slighted her.

Seeing this, he threw himself in front, interrupting her steps. Despite the darkness, she could perceive that his arms were in the air, and stretched toward her appealingly. The attitude spoke apology, regret, contrition—every thing to make her relent.

She relented; was ready to fling herself on his breast. But not without one more word of upbraiding.

"'Tis cruel thus to have tried me, Charles! Charles?"

"Helen Armstrong, my name is not Charles, but Richard. I am Richard Darke!"

CHAPTER X. THE MAN WHO MADE THE WRONG MAN.

RICHARD DARKE, instead of Charles Clancy!

Disappointment! This would be too tame a word to express the pang that shot through the heart of Helen Armstrong on discovering the mistake she had made. It was bitter vexation, with a commingling of shame. For her words, though spoken in reproach, had terribly compromised her.

She did not sink to the earth, nor yet show sign of fainting. She was not a woman of this sort. No cry came from her lips—nothing that could betray surprise, or even ordinary emotion.

As Darke stood before her with arms uplifted, barring her way, she simply said:

"Well, sir, if you are Richard Darke, what then? Your being so, does not give you the right to intrude upon me."

The cool, firm tone caused him to quail. He had hoped that the surprise of his unexpected appearance, coupled with his knowledge of her clandestine appointment, would have done something to subdue and perhaps render her submissive.

On the contrary, the thought of these had stung her to resentment, and he saw it. His arms came down, and he was about stepping aside, and leaving her free to pass, though not without making an attempt to justify himself. He did so thus:

"If I've intruded upon you, Miss Armstrong, I am sorry for it. It has been altogether an accident, I assure you. Having heard you were about to leave the neighborhood—indeed, that you start to-morrow morning—I was going over to your house to say farewell. I am very sorry that my coming this way and chancing to meet you should lay me open to the charge of intrusion. I shall still more regret it if my being here has interfered with an appointment. Some one else expected, perhaps?"

"Then why do you stand in my path? Why do you stay, sir?"

"Oh, if it's your wish, I shall at once release you of my presence."

He stepped to one side in saying so. Then continued:

"I am on the way to your father's house to take leave of the family. If you are not going immediately home, perhaps I may be the bearer of a message for you?"

The irony was evident; but Helen Armstrong was not thinking of this, only how she could get disengaged of this man who had appeared at a moment so *mal-appropos*. Charles Clancy—for he was the expected one—might have been detained by some cause unknown—a delay still capable of justification. She had a lingering hope he might yet come, and her eye interrogated the forest with a quick, subtle glance.

Notwithstanding its subtlety—notwithstanding the obscurity surrounding them—Darke saw it—understood it.

Without waiting for a reply, he went on: "From the mistake you have just made, Miss Armstrong, I presume you took me for some one bearing the baptismal name of Charles." In these parts I know only one person who carries that cognomen—Charles Clancy. If it be he you are expecting, I think I can save you the necessity of staying out in the night at any longer; that is, if you are staying for him. He will certainly not come."

"What mean you, Mr. Darke? Why do you say that?"

The disappointing speech had made its impression, and thrown the proud girl off her guard. She spoke confusedly, and without reflection.

Darke's rejoinder was more cunning—a studied one:

"Because I met Charles Clancy this morning, and he told me he was going off on a journey. He was just starting when I saw him. Some affair of the heart, I believe; a little love scrape he's got into, with a Creole who lives near Natchez. By the way, he showed me a photograph of yourself, which he said he had just received. A very excellent likeness, I call it. Excuse me, Miss Armstrong, for telling you that Clancy and I came near quarreling about that picture. He had another photograph, that of his Creole *chere-amee*, and would insist that she is more beautiful than you. It is true, Miss Armstrong, that you've given me no reason to become your champion. Still, I couldn't stand that; and, after questioning Clancy's taste, I plainly told him he was mistaken. I'm ready to repeat the same to him or any one who says Helen Armstrong is not the most beautiful woman in the State of Mississippi!"

At the conclusion of this speech Helen Armstrong cared but little for his championship, and not much for any thing else.

Her heart was nigh to breaking. She had given her affections to Charles Clancy; in the letter written, had lavished them.

And they had been trifled with—scorned. She was slighted for a Creole girl! There was full proof, of how could Darke have known of it? More maddening still, Clancy had been making boast of her suppleness and shame, showing her photograph, and proclaiming the triumph he had obtained!

"Oh, God!"

This was the ejaculation that escaped

from Helen Armstrong's lips, as the bitter thoughts swept through her soul. Along with it came a half-suppressed scream—*as, desparingly*, she turned her face homeward.

Darke saw his opportunity, or thought so, and again flung himself before her.

"Helen Armstrong!" he cried, in the earnestness of passion—a passion if not pure at least heartfelt and strong. "why should you care for a man who thus mocks you? Here am I, who love you truly—madly—more than my own life!" It's not too late to withdraw the answer you have given me. Gain-say it now, and there will be no need for any change, any going to Texas. Your father's home may still be his and yours. Say you will be my wife, and every thing will be restored to him—all will be well."

She listened for the conclusion of the speech. It sounded sincere stayed her, though she could not tell, or did not think, why. It was a moment of mechanical irritation.

But, soon as it was ended, again came back into her soul the bitterness that had just swept it.

And there was no balm in the words spoken by Richard Darke, on the contrary, his speech was like adding poison to poison.

To his appeal she made answer, as once before she had answered him—but with a single word. It was repeated three times, and in a tone not to be mistaken. On speaking it she parted from the man, her proud, haughty step, with a denying if not disdainful gesture, telling him she was not to be further accosted.

Spited, chagrined, angry as he was, in his craven heart he felt cowed and fearful. He dared not follow her, but remained under the magnolia; from whose hollow trunk still seemed to reverberate her last word, thrice emphatically pronounced:

"Never—never—never!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 97.)

## The Red Rajah: or, THE SCOURGE OF THE INDIES.

A TALE OF THE MALAYAN ISLES.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,  
(CLARENCE FORTIN.)

AUTHOR OF "MOUNTAIN HUNTERS," "KNIGHT OF THE RIVER," "THE GRIZZLY HUNTERS," "THE BLACK WIZARD."

CHAPTER XIX.  
STOLEN AWAY.

WHEN the Red Rajah had announced himself in his true character, to Claude Peyton, with all his band around him, the Virginian was thunderstruck. He stood staring.

While he hesitated, the Rajah addressed some orders, in Malay, to his band. Instantly the trembling *syes*, or grooms, who held the horses, were seized, along with the amazed Doctor Brown, who expected to be murdered.

Inside of two minutes the whole posse were bound hand and foot, and laid in the middle of the glade, while the Rajah was callously dressing.

Claude Peyton stood wondering, and expecting every moment to be served the same way as the rest. But to his surprise, no one offered to touch him. The mysterious taboo sign which had saved his life from the Pagan cannibals, seemed to spread itsegis over him everywhere.

He stood wondering at every thing, when the Rajah, erect and precise in his attire as ever, stepped up to him and addressed him. He did not attempt any more broken English now.

"Mr. Peyton," he said, gravely and politely, "you are safe from harm; but you must give me your word of honor as a Virginian gentleman, that you will not try to leave this glade until sunset. Otherwise I must bind you, too."

Claude was forced to submit; but his curiosity induced him to ask a question.

"Tell me, sir, one thing, if you please. What is there in this mark on my breast that has such a marvelous influence on all the world? Among the savages it saved my life, under the war-club. Here it seems equally powerful. What is the spell?"

"Mr. Peyton," replied the other, with a grave smile, "it is an old saying full of sense, 'ask the gods—the gods provide.' Ask me no questions. Remember, on your word, as a gentleman, you are to stay here till sunset. After that you may loose your companions. Attempt to leave before, and even my power will not prevent your death by the krisse of my men. One word more of advice. You went to seek the Red Rajah. Take care that you do not follow him again. The taboo tree will not protect you next time."

He bowed and turned away. The horses on which the dueling party had come to the glade were brought forward, and the Rajah mounted.

"Farewell, Mr. Peyton," he said, courteously.

Then the little cavalcade swept out of the glade at a gallop. The footmen disappeared in the jungle. Claude Peyton was left all alone in the glade to his own thoughts.

"Not alone, though," he said to himself, as he watched the rufous countenances of his bound companions. There they lay, as helpless as trussed turkeys, tied hand and foot, each man with a gash thrust in his mouth. And Claude was bound in honor not to touch them. And why not? He was perfectly free and unfecked. He could unit them with perfect ease. No.

A trifle light as air, withheld him. A cobweb thread that a breath would part.

And yet, to him, it was a chain cable of steel. The impalpable sentiment of honor was to him an impassable barrier between him and them.

His life had been spared by that Red Rajah, whom he had only heard stigmatized as a bloody pirate. He had been spared several times, when the other held him completely in his power. His honor had been relied on by that other, when bonds would have made him safe.

Claude Peyton walked quietly over to where his discarded garments lay, and slowly dressed himself. He did not dare to look round at his companions, for fear of their appealing glances to him.

And they had been trifled with—scorned. She was slighted for a Creole girl! There was full proof, of how could Darke have known of it? More maddening still, Clancy had been making boast of her suppleness and shame, showing her photograph, and proclaiming the triumph he had obtained!

"Oh, God!"

This was the ejaculation that escaped

for all parties, there was a considerable stock of cheroots in Claude's pockets, and he and the doctor were enabled to pass away the time till sunset, in talking and smoking.

At last they heard the well-known evening gun booming from the casemates of Fort St. John.

"Hurrrah!" cried the doctor, feebly.

"Now we can get off at last."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Peyton.

He produced his knife in a minute, and cut the doctor's bonds. The two together very soon freed the *syes*, and were ready to depart.

"We must get out of here as soon as possible," said Doctor Brown, hurriedly.

"The whole jungle is full of tigers after dark, and we are not safe a minute."

The advice was so obviously sound that it did not need to be repeated. The dead bodies of the two unfortunate officers were necessarily left. They could not stay a moment. Picking up only the two dueling-swords, which had been left behind, the whole party ran off by the jungle path, as hard as they could go; and never halted till they reached the road by which they came in the morning.

But their dangers were not over yet. In the jungle all round them could hear the answering roar of roaming tigers. Doctor Brown, who was a short, puffy man, with red mutton-chop whiskers, was quite blown with his run.

"By Jove, Peyton!" he ejaculated, "we must walk a bit. I'm blessed if I can get any further at this pace."

The cowardly *syes* were too much afraid to remain with the doctor, and they were not much to blame. All unarmed as they were, they could make no resistance, should a tiger appear. While they continued their wild race to Singapore, Claude and the doctor came on slowly behind, each armed with a sword.

It was nervous work on that dark jungle road. The twilight was so short that it seemed as if day turned into night in a moment.

They could hear the tigers all round them, coming closer and closer to the road.

"Shall we ever get to Singapore?" asked Doctor Brown, apprehensively, as a roar within a quarter of a mile made him shiver.

"Not to-night," replied Claude, cheerfully. "Here we are at the edge of Mr. Earle's jungle patch, and we shall be safe in a few minutes more."

They turned down the broad gravel road that led to "The Palms," as he spoke. Doctor Brown felt doubly thankful that they had left the last road behind them, and that they were approaching a human habitation.

They walked rapidly along the broad road that gleamed through the darkness. The moon had not risen and the stars were yet hidden in the evening mists. Claude felt a strange beating at his heart. Some calamity, he felt sure, had happened. The glimpse he had had of the Red Rajah's character made him certain that that chieftain would not leave empty-handed. Marguerite was gone certainly. As the thought crossed him, a spasm of pain convinced the young man how he had grown to love the little island princess.

"Ah!" he groaned to himself, "if I had taken her to Pondicherry this would never have happened. But I did it for the best."

And it was true. He could do no less than come to Singapore. Who would ever have supposed that a Malay sea-robber would have been able to hoodwink Europeans as he had?

"The man is not a Malay, that is plain," said Claude, aloud.

"What man?" demanded the doctor, who thought he was addressed.

"The Red Rajah."

"Malay? Never!" said the doctor, who was an ethnologist in his tastes; "no Malay ever bore a face and figure like him. The man's either an Englishman or an American, or else he's the devil himself. Why, Peyton, what's this? What's the matter here?"

As he spoke, they entered the garden and across the garden and up the piazza steps. The house was still and silent. Into the dining-room ran Claude. Fifty wax candles stuck into every nook and corner, made a perfect blaze of light. But the room was empty. He rushed from room to room, followed by the doctor shouting in vain for the servants. No one answered. Every door was opened. Lamps and candles blazed everywhere. The illumination only revealed the emptiness.

In the midst of his agitation the idea of an enchanted palace flashed over Claude's mind.

His mind was full of the idea of the Rajah's power.

"Do they have a ball here to-night?" asked the doctor, nervously; "for, if so, we ask pretty objects, I must say."

Claude made no answer, except to rush across the garden and up the piazza steps.

The house was still and silent. Into the dining-room ran Claude. Fifty wax

candles stuck into every nook and corner, made a perfect blaze of light. But the room was empty.

He rushed from room to room, shouting in vain for the servants. No one answered. Every door was opened. Lamps and candles blazed everywhere. The illumination only revealed the emptiness.

As he spoke, they entered the garden and across the garden and up the piazza steps.

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3

steered eastward, right in the track of the squadron that left in the morning.

It was too late that night to do anything. Claude had determined to trust to his own resources and those of the merchants of Singapore. He put up the horse at a livery stable for the night, and retired to the prahu himself.

In the morning he started out to see the different merchants in regard to his expedition. Imagine his astonishment, when he found that "The Palms" was not the only vessel that had suffered on the night previous.

Blathers and McGrowl, Skinner and Biggs, each of these houses had suffered the loss of their senior partner, carried off in the dead of night from his villa.

In each of their counting-rooms was found a notice, much of the same purport as that which had been left at Mr. Earle's.

Three hundred thousand pounds altogether was demanded for a ransom, to be left in a certain spot specified, within three weeks, on pain of death to the hostages. The spot mentioned, was on a small island to the north of Gillole, and the money was to be in gold.

Each notice contained a warning against treachery, which would be infallibly found out.

There was of course an intense excitement throughout Singapore, when this news spread, as it did with marvelous rapidity.

There was no question of paying the ransom. Claude was begged to go out after the pirate at once. Provisions and water, with abundance of ammunition, both for the Gatling gun and the small-arms, was hustled on board the swift prahu in short order. Sailors from every ship in the harbor were offered by their captains, but Claude chose to have none but Americans, on whom he could rely.

Before eleven o'clock in the forenoon, so great was the exertion used, Claude Peyton sailed out of the harbor on the captured prahu, ready for action. He had a crew of forty American sailors, many of them old men-of-war's men. Each of them carried a brace of navy revolvers and a cutlass, besides a breech-loading rifle.

On its pivot, in the center of the connecting platform between the two boats, grinded the formidable one-inch Gatling gun, the most murderous implement of destruction known to modern warfare.

The prahu was christened the "Bloodhound," and swift and stanch was she, as her prototype.

A fine breeze was blowing, when the Bloodhound went skimming out of Singapore harbor, cutting the waves like a knife. Peyton trod the deck with proud confidence. He knew that he was on board the swiftest vessel of the pirate fleet, one capable of out-sailing any thing afloat, except, perhaps, the Rajah's yacht.

The Bloodhound had evidently been used as a dispatch boat by the pirates, for her model was so keen and her framing so light that she could not have stood the recoil of a gun of any size. But the admirable qualities of the Gatling gun rendered it particularly fitted for use on such a vessel, sending a stream of heavy bullets, with little more recoil than that of a heavy duck gun. So that Claude felt perfectly at ease in the event of a battle with the pirates.

As soon as he was out of the harbor he directed his course to the north-west, up the Straits of Malacca. He felt sure that the Rajah would make for Pondicherry first. Why, he could hardly explain. But it was the home of Marguerite, and he had an idea that the Rajah would take her there.

If he had not promised to do so, thought Claude, "the child would hardly have kept his secret for him. He has deceived her in some manner, or she would not have gone with him."

With these thoughts he directed the head of the prahu to be laid straight up the center of the Malacca Channel.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 92.)

## The Dark Secret: or, The Mystery of Fontelle Hall.

BY COUSIN MAY CARLETON.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LONELY GRAVE.

"Thus lived—thus died she: never more on her soft shadow light or shade."

Yes, a dead—stone-dead! beyond their power at last. More beautiful than she had ever been in life, she lay there before him; her tameless heart, that neither wrong nor sorrow could conquer, quiet enough now; the little restless hands folded gently over the marble breast—so strangely calm, so fair and beautiful in her dreamless sleep!

Moments passed while they stood gazing on her, and neither spoke. The face of Disbrowe worked convulsively; and, at last, with a dreadful cry, he flung himself on his knees beside her.

"Oh, Jacquette! Jacquette! Jacquette!"

"Too late!" said Frank, bitterly. "The world was not large enough for you and her. It is better as it is."

There was no response; but only that mighty cry:

"Oh, Jacquette! Jacquette! Jacquette!"

It was the cry of a strong heart in strong agony—so full of such quick, living anguish and remorse, that it went to the heart of Frank. He looked down in the young face, once so careless and gay, but so full of mortal despair now, and it softened him as nothing else could have done. He laid his hand on his shoulder, and dropping his face on it, burst into tears.

"They broke her heart," he sobbed. "She could never live disgraced!"

There was a step in the chamber; and the hand of Grizzle touched the young man.

"She left this for you," she said in a subdued tone, as if she, too, was a little softened by the sight of his despair. "She wrote it an hour before she died."

She handed him a small piece of paper, on which something was feebly scratched with a pencil. He opened it, and read:

"For all I have made you suffer, forgive me. Oh, Alfred! I loved you with all my heart and soul, and this is my atonement for my sin. May God forgive me! for I could not help it. When Jacquette is dead, and you hear her reviled, try to think tenderly of her; for, oh, Alfred! no one in this world will ever love you again as you have been loved by her."

That was all. He dropped his head, with a groan.

"Thou shalt not seethe the kid in its mother's milk," said the deep voice of Grizzle, "yet it has been done now."

"Oh, my God! what have I said—what

have I done?" he persistently cried. "This is what I have lost!"

Captain Tempest had entered the apartment, and, hearing that sad cry, came over, and with a sudden revision of feeling, so different from that of a moment before that it was almost like her, laid his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder.

"Lost through no fault of yours, Captain Disbrowe. I am her father; and here, beside my dead child, who loved you, I will say what I never said before to mortal man, that I am sorry for what I done to you!"

He held out his hand; but, Captain Disbrowe sternly motioned him back, and answered:

"Were you ten times her father it would make no difference. She abhorred you, and so do I. Never will my hand touch that of her murderer!"

"Hard words, young man!" said Captain Nick, his bronzed face slightly paling. "Every man has a right to his own; and she was my natural child."

"I will believe that when we can gather grapes of thorns! But, as I said before, were you ten times her father, I would not care; for here in the presence of God, and the dead, I declare you to be as much her murderer as if you had held the knife to her throat! Let her blood cry for vengeance upon you till the day of retribution comes!"

"Take care!" said Captain Nick, growing whiter still. "One word more, and we are deadly foes for life!"

"So be it. Captain Tempest, you are a coward and a liar!"

"Now, by heavens!" furiously began the captain; but the strong hand of Grizzle was laid on his shoulder, and she spoke rapidly and imperiously to him in Spanish.

"Respect the dead!" said Disbrowe, pointing to the lifeless form, and speaking in the deep, stern tone he had used throughout.

"I quarrel not with you here. Fear not but that this day of reckoning will come soon. Leave me now; I wish to be alone."

Even had he not been under the influence of Grizzle, there was something in the eyes and voice of the young man that would have commanded his obedience. Like an angry lion, robed of its prey, he turned, with a smothered growl, and accompanied by Grizzle, left the room.

There was a long pause in the chamber of death. Like a tall, dark ghost, Disbrowe stood, his arms folded across his chest, his eyes fixed on the small, fair face in its calm sleep, his own face like marble. What seemed the world, his coronet and prospective bride, in that moment, compared with what he had lost!

Well has it been said that we know the value of nothing until we forever lose it.

How she arose before him in all her entrancing beauty—bright, radiant, untamed as he had known her first—this matchless girl who had loved him so well! He recalled her in all her willful moods; the fair sprite who teased and tormented him, yet whose bright smile could dispel his anger as a ray of sunshine dispels gloom.

He thought of her in her heroic daring, risking her own life, freely and fearlessly, for that of others—the tameless mountain fairy transformed to the ministering household angel, hovering beside the sick and suffering. How tame and insignificant all other women appeared beside her! What a girl, with whom to laugh. And so he is going to stay here alone all night with you and I, Grizzle? Be hanged if he's not a brave fellow!

"I fancy he would risk more than that for Captain Nick Tempest's daughter."

"I tell you what, Grizzle, he's a fine young fellow, and would make a splendid high-sea rover—he would, by the powers!"

"Nothing," said Grizzle, smiling grimly at the fire. "Oh, nothing!"

"Then I wouldn't advise you to do it," said her gallant companion. "You are none too pretty the best of times, but you look like an old death's-head-and-crossbones when you laugh. And so he is going to stay here alone all night with you and I, Grizzle? Be hanged if he's not a brave fellow!"

He looked up, and his face was like marble.

"Supper is ready," she said. "Will you come out?"

"No; I do not want any."

"I will bring it in, if you like."

"No. Leave me."

"Shall I fetch you a light?"

"No," he said, with an imperious wave of his hand. "Go!"

His tone was not to be resisted. She left the room and the lovers—the dead and the living were again alone.

After supper, Captain Nick threw himself down before the fire, saying:

"Have breakfast ready bright and early to-morrow morning, Grizzle; you know I must be off to Green Creek by day-dawn."

Grizzle nodded a brief assent, and in five minutes, the captain was sound asleep. Then, having seen to the fire and put the room in order, she sought her own room to sleep the sleep of the guilty until morning, and dream of the lonely watcher in the room of death.

Next morning, before the lark had begun to chant his matin carol, Captain Nick was in the saddle in a swift cutter to Green Creek. Grizzle, curious to see the effects of his night's watching on Disbrowe, had softly opened the door once, and saw him, in precisely the same attitude as that of last night—as though he had never stirred since.

"I knew he would feel it," said Grizzle to herself; "but hardly as much as this, I thought. This revenge! I wonder where Master Jacinto is by this time?"

The clatter of horses' hoofs at this moment brought her to the window, and she saw Mr. De Vere, Augusta, and their family physician in the act of dismounting.

"I knew it," she said, with one of her hard, grim smiles. "They suspect foul play, and have brought the doctor to make sure. Well, they're wrong for once—that's one comfort! Oh, you had better beat down the door—hadn't you? One would think you were master here, as well as in Fontelle Hall."

Thus apostrophizing, the lady leisurely shuffled to the door; and, opening it, saw Mr. De Vere, very pale, and dark, and stern, standing on the threshold. The moment his eye fell on Grizzle, he grasped her fiercely by the wrist, and said, in a hoarse whisper:

"Woman! flendly! have you murdered her?"

"You will do no such thing, my boasting friend. Will it not be a very natural suspicion, Captain Nick? Neither you nor I, you know, are thought too immaculate to be guilty of that or any other crime."

"Does he suppose I would slay my own daughter?"

"Of course he does—why should he not?"

"What a blessed innocent you are, Nick!"

"You might do such a devil's deed, you old Mother! Horrible! but I would not. No; bad as Nick Tempest is, he would not do that."

"You saintly cherub! Talk of Satan's turning saint after this. Are you not afraid of making your father Satan blush for his renegade child, if you talk like this? They ought to send you as a missionary to the Scalp-em-and-eat-em Indians. All you want is a bundle of tracts, and the Indians themselves will provide you with a costume, which, I believe, consists in a judicious mixture of red and yellow paint, some ornamental tattooing, and a bunch of feathers?"

"Dead!" said Disbrowe, drawing a long, hard breath. "When did she die?"

"Last night," said Frank, who was weeping again over a fresh-hearted boy.

"And it all ends here!" said Disbrowe.

"How did you know this—this had happened?"

"I didn't know. I thought it most likely I should find her here; and before daybreak this morning, I started off, and I found—I found her!" A great sob finished the sentence.

"Dead!" said Disbrowe, drawing a long, hard breath. "When did she die?"

"Last night," said Frank, who was weeping again over a fresh-hearted boy.

"And it all ends here!" said Disbrowe.

"Will you ask?—they will tell you," he said, pointing out.

Frank left the room, and, after a moment's absence, reappeared.

"Grizzle doesn't know, either, she says. He did not come with them after leaving Fontelle, but set off toward Green Creek by himself. Most likely he is there."

"Ali!" said Disbrowe, "then he is gone before this. Well, perhaps it is better so; the girl's dead, and what odds who has the bother and expense of burying her? It's his duty to do it, too; for he had most of her while she was living."

Captain Nick looked at her in mingled anger and disgust.

"You poor miserable old anatomy! had you ever a woman's heart? No; I tell you, I shall bury her—I myself, as the spelling-book says; and Mr. Robert De Vere may mind his own affairs. He shall have nothing more to say to my girl, living or dead."

"To-morrow morning I'll be off to Green Creek for a coffin. I suppose I can get none nearer than Green Creek."

"No; unless you make it yourself."

"No," said Grizzle, indifferently. "I have none. You may stay if you like. It is an inn, you know."

"I understand—you shall be paid. Has Frank gone?"

"Yes; I suppose so. I saw him gallop off."

"Very well. Will you leave me now? I wish to be alone."

In the same indifferent way the woman walked out, closing the door after her, and Disbrowe was alone with the dead! Dead!—how strange, that word sounded in connection with Jacquette! He could not realize that she was dead. So calm, and placid, and serene, was her look, that he almost expected to see her start up, as if from slumber, to inquire what he did there.

Captain Nick had resumed his former seat, and sat moodily scowling in the fire. As Grizzle reappeared, he looked up, and asked surlily:

"Well; what did he want?"

"What do you suppose he wanted?" replied Grizzle, in a tone quite as amiable as his own.

Captain Nick growled out a fierce oath between his teeth.

"Tell me, you old beldame! None of your cursed mysteries with me! What did he want?"

"Really, Captain Tempest," said Grizzle, in a tone of provoking coolness, as she dropped on a stool before the fire, and with her elbows on her knees, and her chin between her hands, looked quietly in the blaze. "Grief must have turned your brain!"

"What do you suppose he wanted?"

"Captain Nick Tempest," said Grizzle, in a tone of provoking coolness, as she dropped on a stool before the fire, and with her elbows on her knees, and her chin between her hands, looked quietly in the blaze. "Grief must have turned your brain!"

"And that's not very likely. My private impression is, that there is no particular love between Earl of Jacinto and the young and handsome guardsman."

"Do you really think so?" And, if struck by some ludicrous idea, Grizzle laughed outright.

"What are you grinning at, now, you old baboon?" demanded the captain, angrily.

"Nothing," said Grizzle, smiling grimly at the fire.

"Then I

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NEW AND BRILLIANT

Romance of the South-west,

VIZ.:

THE RED MAZEPPA;

OR,

THE MADMAN OF THE PLAINS.

IT IS

A GREAT STORY,

EVEN ECLIPSING IN INTEREST

THE NOTED ROMANCE,

"The Wolf Demon."

## Our Arm-Chair.

Capt. Reid's Opinion.—A note just at hand from Captain Mayne Reid speaks enthusiastically of his "Tracked to Death." He says his own view of it is that it will equal, in all respects, his celebrated "Scalp Hunters," which, by good judges, is pronounced the best Indian and Border Romance in the English language. We are indeed glad to chronicle this return of spirit and enthusiasm to the writer, whose late severe and protracted illness, it was feared, would doom him to silence. May he live to a green old age to charm the world with his creations!

The new story having now gone over its preliminary ground, in its succeeding chapters transfers its locale to the far South-west, in whose wild life and strange associations the interest of the narrative is immensely intensified. Capt. Reid is there "at home," and readers will be loth to lose a line of what he writes.

Mr. Aiken and His New Story.—In answer to the great interest taken in the productions of Mr. Albert W. Aiken, and the frequent calls for his portrait, we soon shall present our readers with his likeness, engraved in Ort's best style, from a photograph taken expressly for us. No living American writer has a wider circle of readers and friends than the actor-author, to whose literary reputation it is our pride to know we have so largely contributed.

The new romance from this gentleman's pen, viz.: THE RED MAZEPPA, now in the artist's hands for illustration, is, in several respects, the most striking and powerful of all his productions. It is remarkably unlike any other story we ever read, and possessed of elements as new to romance as some features of his WOLF DEMON, which, we are safe in pronouncing one of the most original stories that have found its way into the popular weekly press.

What Books to Read. Emerson, in a late lecture, tells people what books to read. It all sounds as if the old stone Sphynx has spoken. What a wise world to be sure this would be if the student devoted his "spare hours" to old tomes, old authors, old philosophers! We should then become a race of Pundits; but, what then? Why, a race of tools.

We think the biggest fool we ever met was a professor, who, learned in Greek roots and Sanscrit, couldn't tell beef from mutton, and usually put on his pants wrong side out.

A strong infusion of common sense is a most capital condiment and tonic. While Chaucer is very good, and Spenser is better, and Shakespeare is best, what is new and is a reflex of the ideas, thoughts and feelings of to-day, is ever more desirable than the Sages. To the American who devotes only a comparatively brief portion of his time to reading, the reversal of the books of to-day is of far more importance than to be conversant with the vast range of Ancients and Antiquaries.

To young men and women who, having ceased to go to school, yet wish to read, we commend first of all things a familiar knowledge of our own country's history; then of its geography and physical attributes; then of the best works of our own authors. If time and occasion permit, then a course in universal history is next in order.

But even this prescription is to be taken with a qualification, for there are people who neither have the proper books nor the opportunity for silent study. To such we say read; read your daily paper or your weekly, or your monthly magazine; only be sure to read, for by that alone can you obtain the knowledge and new ideas essential to make you a pleasant companion and a person of that practical, ready and pertinent intelligence which should be characteristic of every American.

Boys, Do You Hear That?—In a recent sermon by the blacksmith-divine, Robert Laird Collyer, of Chicago, he enunciated this Golden Rule:

"Industry, my young friends, is the first law of success. Some one asked a man, who was counted a great genius, to define genius, and he said, Genius is Industry. Things never come about of themselves. The man who writes a book never wrote it in a day or a week. The man who has produced a great invention, did not combine wheel and piston in an hour or in a month, but it was the product of the industry of inquiry—the industry of application. Industry is the first law of success."

There you have it, boys. If you ever expect to be smart men—to become noted and great, you've got to work for it. Greatness is only another term for the industrious employment of good natural gifts.

Look around you among business men and what do you learn? Why, that the most eminent and wealthy of them sprung from the humblest positions! When the Grand Duke, the other day, was walking with Governor

Sewell through the cartridge factory at Hartford, he asked: "Is it true that these men can step from the bench into Congress?" The Governor smiled as he answered: "I myself was a tanner by trade; and Senator Wilson was a shoemaker."

Indeed, so many of our eminent men have come up from the trades and the plough that it is fast becoming a source of pride to say, "My father was a hard-working mason, or carpenter, or shipbuilder, or machinist"—so much is labor honored in this great country, where men are reckoned according to their individual worth.

With you, boys, rests your own destiny. If you resolve that you will be "among the first," you will succeed as surely as you live if you are honest and honestly pursue your purpose. Make up your mind what you are going to do for life, then go at it soberly, resolutely, confidently, and victory will be yours!

"Criticism."—How doctors disagree is illustrated in the book notices of the magazines and daily press. One critic condemns heartily what another commends unqualified; one sees defects where another sees none; one detects error where another discovers truth. So unlike, indeed, are their views, that a reader is in doubt not only what to believe, but questions if the critics are not "criticizing" different books.

Why this discrepancy? It certainly does not arise from prejudice, nor is it the result of a want of comprehension of the book discussed. It is simply a singular demonstration of the peculiar or individual character of each mind. Not only do very few persons think exactly alike, on the same subject, but all are impressed differently at different times, so that it may be said with truth that no man's views are fixed or permanent; we change constantly.

"Is this right?" you ask. "Are there no fixed principles?" Oh, yes; certain facts are fixed (and there are plenty of uncertain facts); truths in morals and science are fixed; results are inevitable, and to a certain degree are fixed; some rules of life and some modes of thought are fixed, or changeable only by imperceptible degrees; but it may be said that, so far as human reason is concerned, there is nothing fixed. The mind that seeks for what to it is the truth is not always safe in its pursuit, for many an enthusiast has gone to ruin. All we can do is to do the best we can and leave the rest with Him who doeth all things well.

## IRREVERENCE.

A FEW weeks since, in the columns of the JOURNAL, I noticed an essay by our sharp little sister, Eve Lawless. I forget the title, but the subject was irreverence, and it so exactly accorded with my views, that I want to add my protest with hers.

I am sure, if her name is "Lawless," she shows a more delicate sense of the fitness of things than very many others, who imagine themselves to be the pinkies of propriety. And if to be "Lawless" is to stand bravely up in defense of the good and the true even if we must overstep the bounds of conventional custom to do so, then I wish some of the rest of us were a little more "Lawless," too!

Speak out, dear sister Eve, and remember that, away out here in the West, miles and miles away from you, stands another sister in the JOURNAL ranks, ready to aid you, to the best of her ability, with friendly hand and sympathetic pen, on the side of the "true, the good, and the beautiful."

Now I am going back to my subject. When Eve Lawless, in the little essay I mentioned, alluded to the growing spirit of irreverence which is manifested, when alluding to things which should be sacred, I felt glad to see that some one else, as well as myself, had been thinking about this matter. For I have been shocked at it, both in many of our best papers, and in conversation with those I meet.

Especially I have noticed the almost flippancy way in which terrible accidents and sudden death are chronicled. For instance, just before me lies a paper in which I have just read this:

"A young man undertook to run over a railroad train above the bridge, last night. We learn he made a splendid-looking corpse."

Perhaps that editor or reporter, or whoever he was (Heaven forbid that a woman should be so heartless), thought that paragraph was smart—I thought it was cruel and unfeeling. It may be, that young man had a mother, or a sister, or a young wife, whose heart would be rent anew with anguish at the carelessness with which their aching wounds were treated.

The solemn majesty of Death should protect it from being a subject for heartless jest and flippancy merriment.

The solemn majesty and grandeur of Death, of which the great master who held the keys to so many heartstrings in his tender hand, says, in grave, earnest tones, "The old, old fashion, Death! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion, Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion, yet, of immortality!"

Charles Dickens bowed his reverent head and spoke such solemn words in the presence of death. But the petty reporters and penny-a-liners, who flood the country, and have less brains in their whole bodies than he had in his little finger, find it in a subject for pointless wit and heartless mirth. For shame on the public taste that will permit, much less encourage, such levity!

A few years since, in the little city of Indianapolis, there occurred a terrible accident, to some of the effects of which I was an eyewitness. Thank Heaven I had no near and dear ones in that dreadful explosion, but even I was pained and annoyed by the light, and even careless, allusions which found their way into the papers for weeks afterward.

And if I felt thus, how felt those whose homes were desolated, and whose hearts were broken in that fatal hour?

As another point, I have noticed with pain a growing lightness in the manner of alluding to events and occurrences which are directly in the hands of the Creator—such as the wind and the weather, even. For irreverence and flippancy are such, though manifested only in such ordinary topics as these, and, therefore, are to be avoided.

Even in speaking of the All Wise, himself, there is a tendency to irreverence. Nay, it may be seen in those journals which profess to be religious ones. I am glad I can say I have never seen an approach to it in the columns of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, nor do I much fear I ever shall.

Look around you among business men and what do you learn? Why, that the most eminent and wealthy of them sprung from the humblest positions! When the Grand Duke, the other day, was walking with Governor

All around us are growing up a generation of young children. What we make them, they will be; and from the influence we exert over them, we can not get away. As fathers and mothers, as brothers and sisters, as friends, even, we are associated with them—and they are watching us, to imitate us and learn from us.

The seeds of irreverence, sown by us in their young minds, are so plentiful and apparent, what will be the fruit, when they arrive at the years we now possess?

These are words spoken in due season. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

## A SEASONABLE WORD.

A BAD man is a mistake. He is so not because it is "in him," but because he has not given the "good" also in him a fair chance for its assertion. If the good that is in almost every human head and heart were encouraged to grow, we should have far less bad people among us than now infest society.

It is as easy to be a good man as a poor one. Half the energy displayed in keeping ahead that is required to catch up when behind, would gain credit, give more time to attend to business, and add to the profit and reputation of those who work for gain.

Be prompt; keep your word; honor your engagements. If you promise to meet a man, or do a certain thing at a certain time, do it. If you go out on business, attend promptly to the matter on hand, then as promptly attend to your own business. Do not stop to tell stories during business hours.

If you have a place of business, be there when wanted. No man can get rich by sitting in stores and saloons. Never "fool" on business matters. Have order, system, regularity and promptness. Do not meddle with business you know nothing of. Never buy an article you do not need, simply because it is cheap, and the man who sells it will take it out in trade. Trade is money.

Strive to avoid harsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path—more miles can be made in a day by going steadily on, than stopping to kick. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

Aid, but never beg. Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say no. No necessity of snapping it out dog-fashion; but say it firmly and respectfully. Have but few confidants. Use your own brain rather than those of others. Learn to think and act for yourself.

Be vigilant. Keep ahead rather than behind the times. Young man, cut this out, and place it, by careful perusal, in the golden store-house of your brain, and if you find that there is folly in the argument, let us know.

## SHORT LECTURES ON DRESS.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

## COATS.

The origin of the coat is lost in the mist of antiquity, where so many other things are swallowed up and lost. The very earliest is supposed to have been a coat of paint, which, among the aristocratic classes, was striped and varnished. A light coat of whitewash was probably worn in the summer months, though, in those days, it would be considered "too thin."

Joseph had a coat of many colors, and this rendered him an object of hatred among his brethren from the fact that they hadn't so many different colors of paint as Joseph had. They held a consultation over it, and concluded what was too good for them was "Not for Joe." So they scourred all his pretty coat of paint off and laid him away in a pit, a salutary warning to young people not to despise a man because he wears a ragged coat.

It would be hard to tell when the coat of tar and feathers came in. The people who apply the coat are very generous; they don't charge a cent. In fact, they rather force it upon a fellow. It is difficult to give a receipt for a coat of tar and feathers that is certain every time. In a general way any outrage upon public sentiment in almost any community, is liable to fetch it. Try preaching against polygamy in Brigham's own house hold; declare in favor of free and unlimited license to sell liquor in any prohibition town in Massachusetts; or get up in a Woman's Rights Convention and boldly advocate the duty of women to stay at home and attend to their domestic affairs, and you are exposed. Either course persisted in might result in your being sent away in high feather, to say nothing of the tar.

Coats of mail were very fashionable in the middle ages, although it must not be understood that none but middle-aged people wore them. Owing to the present masculine cut of feminine attire, it is sometimes difficult to tell coats of mail from coats of female attire. Coats of mail were worn to protect the body of the soldier in battle. A great body of soldiers required a great coat, of course. The coat of mail went through the post office like other mail matter, paying newspaper postage. Letter postage was unknown at that time, for it was the unlettered age.

Before our ancestors had learned to make cloth, they constructed coats of skins, selecting animals that had the sleekest and warmest coats. Fur overcoats were exceedingly common in those days. When coats of skins were in vogue, I suppose it was as common to skin a tailor out of a coat as it is now.

The expression, "tan his coat," originated during the above period in coat history.

The price of the coat depended on how skins were coated in the market reports.

A coat of arms was once considered indispensable even in families that were destitute of vests and pantaloons. Old families, even now, make a great fuss over their coat of arms, when their arms are irretrievably out at both elbows. For my part, I shouldn't value a coat of arms, simply. I should prefer to have a collar added at least, even if there were no lapels or coat-tails.

Cloth coats came in with the invention of cloth, as there is no record of their having been worn before that period in the history of textile fabrics. (When I make the hat my text I shall enlarge considerably on the text-title.) Yet, there are those who assert that coats of mail worn by many of the heroes of antiquity, as described by Homer and Virgil, the sensation reporters of that day, were made out of whale cloth.

There is great variety in coats. There are light coats and heavy coats; thin coats and overcoats; long coats and short coats; sack coats and frock coats; coats to button all down afore and coats not made to button afore or since; Coat's thread and turn-coats; swallow-tailed coats and petticoats; no, I will not venture upon that sacred domain. The petticoat is a question I will not raise in discussing fashions. My line is purely masculine, and I will not trespass upon grounds that belong by right to the Jennie Junes of the press. The petticoat shall swing in peace, or in pieces, according to its construction.

I have observed that a man usually goes to seed in a black broadcloth coat. Why don't he swap it off for one of coarser material that don't proclaim his condition so loudly to an unsympathizing world? There is so evident a suggestion of past prosperity in its fine though threadbare material, and its obsolete cut whispers that it was in the long ago. The innumerable creases in the tails tell of nights spent in market-stalls, on lumber piles, and, alas! perchance in a dissipated good-for-nothing.

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# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

## TO A COQUETTE GROWN OLD.

BY EDWARD JAMESON.

Sweet, wayward girl, who tossed thy head so saucily,  
When time sat lightly on thy fair, smooth brow;  
And the world aglow with happiness for thee,  
Seemed suited to thy charming person—  
In which the golden moments sped away so fast,  
Thon on the unwary; how soon is past,  
Life's prime, and written is its latest page.  
How many lovers didst thou wantonly inflict  
With pangs that linger with a cruel smart?  
Nor heedest thou thy better nature's interdict,  
That thou mightst wound some well-deserving heart,  
One then didst deeply wound, who sought relief  
In climes far alien to his own dear land;  
But absence could mitigate, not destroy his grief,  
He sought for Greece, and fell by Moslem hand.  
Couldst then have seen thy picture which he tightly held,  
Classed it his hand with all the strength of death;  
Unmoved, thou couldst not have that piteous sight  
Beheld.  
It would have blanched thy cheek, and stopped thy breath.  
Do memories like that have influence now,  
To make thy old age dreary and forlorn?  
No child to cheer, or gently smooth thy furrowed brow.  
And ease thee of Remembrance's bitter thorn?  
Vain is it now to sit and wring thy withered hands,  
And mourn afresh, each day, an ill-spent youth;  
Thou canst not live it over again, and shadowy lands.  
Sunmon to answear for thy life's untruth.

## Cecile's Sandal-wood Fan.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"MAY I have this, auntie? it's all broken."

Little Gussie Devon held it up before Cecile Fontaine: a fragrant, costly toy of yellow, delicately carved sandal-wood, and pale pink, silver-embroidered satin, with a tiny mirror, that was cracked in a dozen directions, and an edging of thick, soft down.

"Gussie! you must not meddle with Aunt Cecy's things! Lay it down, dear!"

Gentle little Mrs. Devon looked askance at the tall, stately girl by the window, as she spoke to the child, and with almost reverent hands took the fan from her and laid it under a pile of ribbons and laces that Gussie's busy fingers had discovered in Aunt Cecy's little trunk.

It was an exquisite side-face that was outlined against the blue sky; it looked like some Grecian grace, so pure and clear-cut.

She was very quiet as she sat there—this Cecile Fontaine—she had heard Gussie's request, and her mother's kind denial. Away down in her heart she thanked Mrs. Devon for her thoughtful consideration, the while wondering, with a shivering sort of terror, whether or not that agony at her heart would ever be so lightened, that she could bear to see careless hands touch her sandal-wood fan, and careless voices admire it.

It was three years old, that pink and silver toy, and her grief was a year younger.

Three years before Vane Van Emburg had given it to her—a hot, airless, starless August night—it had been when they two had sat on the gray rock at the foot of the splendid lawn at Fontaine Mere, and watched, through the dimness of the dusk, the plashing of the Delaware as it rolled on.

Three years ago! and she was Vane Van Emburg's betrothed then; proud of it, happy because of it.

To-day, as she sat in the window, where she could catch the sheet of the river, and even see the gray rock where they had sat, she wondered if those three years had sped on to others as they had to her; and it seemed as if little Gussie Devon's artless remark—"It's all broken"—had been a pointed arrow in her heart.

True enough, it was all broken—that proud, trustful heart of hers that had so rejoiced in that it had so much love to give. Like the sandal-wood fan, both it and her affections had been wounded by the same hand—the giver of the gift, the receiver of the love.

A year later the crushing blow had come; then, it was on a raging night, when a January tempest howled and tore around the house like some infuriate demon, anger-baffled that it could gain no admission.

Vane had gotten jealous—poor, passion-blind man that he was—because Cecile had permitted Howard Anderton to remove a wilted rosebud from her hair, and wear it in his button-hole.

It had only been most friendly sport—a sort of playful badinage between the old, old friends, Cecile and Howard, and yet, Vane Van Emburg, in a fury, of the woman who was to be his wife, whom he was infinitely too trust in all things, that she should break her friendship with handsome, courtly Howard Anderton, and promise him, in future, to be chary of her smiles.

Perhaps it was perfectly right in him, and dreadfully wrong in her, that he insisted so strongly; and she resisted so hotly; but it hardly seemed worth the coolness that sprung out of it; first a coolness, then neglect, then indifference—and then—Cecile's heart bled as she remembered how, in foaming anger, Vane had dashed the ring she had given him against the mirror of her fan, swearing it should no longer reflect a face so fair, so false.

That blow had crushed her heart; she knew of him only by report, and report said Mr. Van Emburg had gone to Spain for a great importing house on Broadway.

She never had seen him, but she never could forget him; so, when Howard Anderton had come to her and laid his heart at her feet, she told him she never should marry him or any other.

And little Gussie Devon's question had called all these memories trooping through her brain; and when she heard Mrs. Devon's reply, and saw her almost reverent touch of Vane Van Emburg's gift, Cecile almost hated herself that she still worshiped him who had done her such wrong.

"No; let Gussie see it—let her have it for her own. Here, dear, bring the fan to me, and perhaps I can fix it."

Mrs. Devon's eyes widened in astonishment, but she discreetly said nothing.

And so, with childish delight, little Gussie took the sandal-wood fan—and Aunt Cecile's future earthly happiness—in her hands, and went out to her play.

"Rofe, did you ever make a fool of yourself?"

A clear, ringing voice asked the question; a pair of half-troubled, half-restless eyes looked eagerly up.

A cigar had gone out, lay on the round stand before him, and beside it a memorandum-book.

This he lifted off the marble, as he asked

the question of Rolfe Edgeway, and began slowly, hesitating to open it, as if he half-feared to look upon its contents.

"I suppose I have done that same thing in time, Vane. Have you any particular reason for asking?"

"Yes, hoping to learn the cure for the miserable result. Look here, Rolfe; d'ye see 'em?"

He held out a rather curious token for a handsome young man to be carrying about in the inner pocket of a private note-book, and Edgeway lifted his eyebrows in amused amaze.

"A piece of a broken mirror, a fifteenth of an inch square—a bit of white swan's-down—and the fringe from a pink silkassel! Vane, verily you have been making a fool of yourself!"

Rolfe laughed as he completed his inventory.

"Not in keeping these mementoes, old fellow; the fault lies in the manner in which I obtained them. You've never heard me speak of Cecy Fontaine?"

A half-embarrassed blush tinged Vane Van Emburg's cheeks as that name left his lips for the first time in so many months.

"Cecy Fontaine? Not that I remember; and it is quite unlikely I could forget so charming a name. I wonder if she's any relation to General Fontaine, who is stopping here?"

"No!" And Vane sprang to his feet. "Rofe, you do not say General Fontaine is here, at this hotel? He's Cecy's father!"

"Then I've seen the young lady, I'm quite confident, with a delightful little Mrs. Devon—eh?"

But Vane had no answer for Rolfe Edgeway. It was too much that Cecile was where he might ask her pardon, when he could have the sweet opportunity of humbling his pride before the woman he loved.

Would Cecy forgive him, after he had wounded her so? Would she take him back with all his penitent love, and let him atone in the future for that dreary past?

He had not a doubt of it. He knew, from some intuitive power, that Cecy was true—for that she was free.

For himself, there was nothing he could do for her sake; and he planned how he would go to her, and make her forgive him, and cover her beautiful, blushing face with the kisses he had so longed, so often, to give her.

He would even take those trophies of his triumph of love over pride—those fragments of the sandal-wood fan, and lay them at her feet, along with his love again.

And, thinking all these delicious thoughts, he paced the long room, disengaged of Rolfe Edgeway's half-curious, half-amused scrutiny. And then there came the patterning of little feet past the wide-open door: a swifter speed, then a fall, and a childish cry.

Of course both gentlemen ran to see what was the matter, and Vane picked up from the floor—little Gussie Devon.

"Oh-h! I've broken my beautiful fan! and aunt Cecy just this minute gave it to me! Oh-h!"

Vane's heart gave one wild leap; then, by the sharp pain that shot through him, he accepted what he thought was fate.

So, then, while he had been fool enough to carry a precious part of that selfsame fan—his gift to her—she had thought so lightly of it, that she had given it to this chubby little girl for a mere plaything.

Well, he picked it up, and gave it to the youngster, and then walked over to the table where lay the fragments, and deliberately swept them out of the window.

He knew now that Cecy was neither true nor loving, and he? well—

He passed her that night in the promenade, with a cool bow, and an icy recognition.

Afterward, Cecile went to her room, with wildly beating heart and flaming eyeballs. It was all over now, at any rate. He had altogether forgotten the old times, and she, like fool, had been cherishing a hope that now was crushed with one fell blow.

Poor Cecy! that night she cried herself to sleep, while beside her, on the pillow, little Gussie Devon clutched her newest treasure, the sandal-wood fan that had, all so unconsciously, wrecked the happiness of two people.

Poor Cecy! that night she cried herself to sleep, while beside her, on the pillow, little Gussie Devon clutched her newest treasure, the sandal-wood fan that had, all so unconsciously, wrecked the happiness of two people.

Vane Van Emburg and Mr. Edgeway were gone the next morning; on a tour to the Thousand Isles, Cecile heard casually, but she never saw him again.

## Laura's Peril:

OR,  
THE WIFE'S VICTORY.

A STORY OF LOVE, FOLLY, AND REPENTANCE.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL,  
AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," "OUT IN THE WORLD,"  
ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XV.

FACE TO FACE.

On that same evening on which Sarah Rook came to Sydeneytown, there was a sort of *fête* at Robarts Place. A half-dozen planters, with their wives and daughters, were there in response to an invitation from old Elton, who desired to compensate his pet Laura for the loss of Newport's pleasures by a little home gayety.

She had objected to the merry-making at first, but when she saw he was determined on it, gracefully withdrew her opposition, and entered into the spirit of the affair with a hearty zest.

"Doctor Foster, who has just returned from a trip to South America, will be here with his sister, Mrs. Judge Plaide," said Elton, as Laura whisked into the room in a cloud of snowy swiss, "and he is said to be a lover of music, I want my little girl to do her best to charm him."

Laura laughed. "Perhaps he is as critical as ardent; and remember, your opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, I'm not a burning Sappho by any means."

"But you must sing for him."

"Why must I?"

"I want you to please him."

"Indeed!" She raised her pretty arched eyebrows. "And why should I, pray?"

"No, no; I want him to praise you. It does me good to hear people praise you—to know they feel the power of your beauty and accomplishments, and—"

"But that is very dangerous work, papa Robarts," she interrupted. "It's playing with fire, you know, and what if I should fall a victim to Doctor Foster's powers at the same time he falls a captive to mine? Would not that be a dilemma, now?"

"Rofe, did you ever make a fool of yourself?"

A clear, ringing voice asked the question; a pair of half-troubled, half-restless eyes looked eagerly up.

A cigar had gone out, lay on the round stand before him, and beside it a memorandum-book.

This he lifted off the marble, as he asked

thought there was no danger. "You're a woman of good sense, Laura, and of course you don't need a husband—and—"

She put her arms around his neck, and kissed him playfully.

"Certainly I can't."

Then she went to the piano and played a sweet, doleful melody, the last notes of which were dying away as the carriage, containing the first of her guests, bowed up the avenue.

"That's the Perrys!" exclaimed the old man, rising and giving his cravat a twist. "I know by the speed they came at. They always drive at a gallop."

It was the Perrys; two daughters and a son, with a colored servant on horseback.

Laura kissed the girls, and bowed to the young man as she welcomed them in the receiving-room.

By this time guest after guest began to arrive, and finally the Placides' carriage, with young Doctor Foster in it, came whirling along.

The Perry girls, who had met the youthful disciple of Esculapius before, buzzed and fluttered about him like moths in the lamp-light, while Laura, after being introduced, turned away to entertain her sister, Mrs. Judge Plaide.

The eyes of the young physician followed her, however, and the *fête* was scarce an hour old ere he managed to free himself from the witchery of the Perry girls, and seek out Laura.

The old folks were playing whist and backgammon in the reception-room, while the young people were waltzing in the brilliant *salon*. There was no formality anywhere; everybody had come to enjoy themselves, and judging from the animation of the scene, they were doing so.

When Doctor Foster came across Laura, she was leaning over Elton Robarts' chair, looking into his handful of cards.

"Interested in the game?" he asked.

"Not particularly."

"Have you any objections to a stroll?"

"None; where shall we go?"

"Into the garden."

"Very well."

She placed her little dimpled hand on his arm, ever so lightly, and they turned away from the players.

"If madly pleases," said Rebecca, the English maid, plucking Laura's skirt, "there's a lady wishes to see you on some business in the garden."

"Business!" exclaimed Laura.

"Yes, milady; private business, she says."

"Then tell her to come to-morrow; I'm engaged now."

"I told her so myself, but she wouldn't take no for an answer. No, milady; pardon me, but she says it's better for yourself that you see her to-night."

Laura was frightened at these words, but controlled herself admirably, and said, turning to Doctor Foster:

"You will have to excuse me, doctor, until I see what this person wants."

"Alms, I presume," he said, a little nettled at the interruption.

"Very likely," was the reply; and then laughing lightly, Laura Robarts tripped down the short flight of stairs, and out into the garden.

"Where is this person, Rebecca?" she said in a calm, earnest voice.

"At the foot of the red oak, milady."

"Then, Rebecca, you needn't trouble yourself further. I'll go alone."

"Yes, milady."

The servant walked back to the house, and Laura hurried along down the shell-paved walk until she came in sight of the red oak, which stood in a little clearing apart from the rest of the trees, and was so huge and leafy that, under its wide-spread branches, there was a perpetual gloom.

"What can this person want with me?" she muttered; "and then to send me such a preposterous message; to order me here as if I was her menial!"

By this time she had reached the place of meeting, and the dark figure advanced toward her.

Laura stepped back quickly. "What do you want?" she demanded. "Who are you?"

The woman threw up her veil that had, up to this time, concealed her features, and revealed the face of Sarah Rook!

Laura started, but she did not scream nor cry out

into the air. He was unbuilding the chimney!

While thus working—a slow, difficult task for the bricks stuck pretty firm, notwithstanding the decay age had wrought upon the mortar—the murmur of voices reached him. It came up the flue into which he had scrambled to escape Nemil's pistol-shot.

"Thought so," he muttered. "Now see, if I'd gone down, as I was tempted to once, I'd have come out in some room or other, and landed right on top of—bless me! how they stick! The fellow must have nailed 'em fast! They won't—wrench!—won't—(wrench!)—c-o-m-e!" finally dislodging a stubborn brick and casting it, with a spiteful twist of the wrist, away from him.

Just then he paused. He saw a man coming toward the house. "I've a good notion to sing out and let him know I'm—eh? Well, now! Why, hang it!—what's he doing here?" He had recognized Herwin Reese, and knew him well as the valet of Reginald Darnley.

"Well!—of all the gangs I ever did come across! Now, here's another. I know he's going to stop here—yes!—there! I said so."

Reese disappeared, and Crewly heard the door-knocker rap sharply.

This circumstance set him to thinking. He wondered what Reese could have in common with the parties he was tracking. How long he was idle in mental conjecture, he knew not, but he was aroused by seeing some one else approaching.

Again there was an exclamation of surprise on the part of the lawyer, for he discovered this second comer to be Reginald Darnley.

The young man had no sooner entered the house than another form, that had evidently been following close behind him, crossed the street, and stood leaning against the fence of the White House Lot.

It was now so dark that he could not distinguish the features of the last party, who stood over the way, silent and motionless as a statue.

Crewly was a little mystified.

"What's he got to do with it, I'd like to know?" Wonder who he is?"

Suddenly, acting upon a resolution he had framed, he raised his voice to a key that broke in an unusual squeak, and cried:

"Hang it!—if I had my umbrella, I'd ram it down your throat!" squealed the lawyer, as he buried his fingers in her scalp.

Hark! more to come yet. There was a sound of hurrying feet, and Henry Waldron, with two policemen at his side, bounded in among them.

But he did not pause to aid those who were striving to conquer the crazed being, a pale, deathlike face had not his gaze, and with a groan of fear, he sprang toward Cecilia.

Tenderly he raised her fair head, with its wreath of golden tresses to his knee; gently he whispered to ears that were just then opening to sounds of life.

"Daming!"

A smile, a loving look answered that one passionate word.

"She's done for!" exclaimed a voice, and, glancing up, Waldron saw a group standing before a motionless body that lay stretched upon the floor.

Meg Semper had expired in a horrible spasm.

But two parties who had figured in the tragical tableau were missing.

"Where's Rex Darnley?" where's that queen of devility?" Christopher Crewly spun round and looked in vain for those whose names he had uttered.

In the exciting moment of Meg Semper's death, the lovers slipped out. The cab Reginald had brought was at the door, and in it they were soon speedily away.

A physician was immediately sent for, to dress the dangerous cut in Reese's neck. When he arrived, the wounded man had fainted from loss of blood. It was only after weeks of dread uncertainty, that he was pronounced safe; and so near had death hovered during his confinement to bed, that a wonderful change was worked in him. There is a quiet, respected clerk in one of the leading mercantile establishments in Richmond, whom we will call Herwin Reese; but it is a vastly different man from the one who has acted through this narrative. He does not know, to this day, that, in attempting to destroy Reginald Darnley, he aimed at the life of his own brother!

Henry Waldron, with mind mazed in astonishment, went around to the side of the house, and looked upward at his friend, who was hanging half-way over the chimney-edge, and gesticulating in frantic earnestness.

"Where did you drop from, Waldron? There!—I'm ready to howl! Look at me! I've been playing chimney-sweep! You ought to see me once! Can you make out where I am? Look—up here!"

"Mr. Crewly?" Henry Waldron was lost in amazement.

"Yes, it's me; Chris, Crewly—yours forever. Say, can't you help me out?"

"How on earth came you up there?" cried back the young man.

"All through following that actress girl! Had a fight this afternoon—a big negro and a devil of a hog. Lost my umbrella, too!"

"But, how did you ever get into such a fix?"

"Beat me at a fair stand-up-scrimmage!—fact! Knocked me lopsided—put a hole in the only hat I had, and then cracked me down in the cellar, right in the ash-head! I'm all over dirt! Been up here since—but, I say, you've got to get me out. Hurry up!"

"I'll enter the house at once—"

"No, no—no!" interrupted Crewly, excitedly. "That won't do; they'd scalp you in a pair of seconds!"

"What's to be done, then?"

"Police!" was the laconic instruction.

"Ah! yes; I see," and Waldron turned quickly away.

"Fly! scoot! jump!" sung out Crewly, after him. "There's business ahead. Bring a whole posse—he's gone. Now, then—long, going to jump and crack his heels—for he forgot his gravity in the extreme exuberance of spirit which ensued upon this prospect of speedy deliverance!—I'll soon be out of this. He'll bring the police; then, down I go into somebody's dormitory, like a sputter of gunpowder. Crewly, you vagabond, you're in for it. Wish he'd hurry. Sakes! how my limbs ache! If I only had my umbrella, now, I'd try to break a nose or two when I—"

He was cut short by a piercing shriek that half curdled the blood in his veins, and slipping from his hold, he shot downward, while from his lips fell the usual exclamation:

"Bless me!"

In that unexpected transit his alert mind was made up to a course.

The cry told him of some one in danger; he knew the voice was a woman's.

Striking the bottom with an unpleasant thump, he gathered himself for any emergency ahead, and, with a tremendous kick, sent the fireboard whizzing out into the apartment.

He saw the insensible form of Cecilia lying near; he saw Orlé Deice in the act of springing forward to recover the knife which had been knocked from her grasp; he saw Herwin Reese clutching a chair for support, while from a ghastly wound in his throat the life torrent was oozing, despite his efforts to stanch it; he saw Meg Semper struggling fiercely in the arms of the African—and as Nemil marked the lawyer's advent, the look on his black face seemed to say:

"Quick!—help here, or I shall be worsted!"

All this he took in at a lightning glance, and then, with his heart in his throat, eyes distended, hair standing, and whole system fired as if by an electric flame, he dashed forward.

"Give me a hand!" he yelled, throwing himself upon the bag, and twining himself around her with the elasticity of an elastic.

Nemil wrenched the murderous knife from the madwoman, and hurled it across the room; then, like a mighty vice, his arms closed around her. Crewly was tied, arm and limb, with their howling antagonist. It is impossible to describe the way in which he coiled up, and clinched Meg Semper in his hold, of himself off to see we intent of his!

He cursed and raved in her wrath; splitting, scratching, kicking; and, occasionally, from those shriveled, bloodless lips issued a sound like the yelp and bark of a savage wolf.

"Down her! Down her!" shouted Crewly, as he forced her chin up and placed one knee in the center of her back.

Nemil threw his whole enormous weight upon her, and all three went to the floor with a crash.

"Hold tight! Hold tight!" screamed the lawyer, as that convulsed and quivering form, not yet subdued, fought still with all the desperation of her three-fold strength.

"She is mad!" snarled the African. "Take care, or she will bite!"

"Considerably, I think, I think!" Crewly sputtered.

"But—I can't help—that hold still; now; hang it!" twisting one hand in her matted hair, and pinning her head down.

"Reginald! Reginald! Quick!—your assistance. It is a madwoman!"

Reginald Darnley stood in the doorway. It was Orlé Deice who cried out, and as she did so, she pointed toward the combatants.

"Pitch in!" was all the lawyer could find time to utter, for Meg nearly sent him rolling over, by sudden contraction of her body.

Reginald waited not to ask questions, but threw himself at once into the struggle—and none too soon, for the bag had loosed one arm from the negro's grip and struck Crewly a blow that half blinded him.

"Hang it! if I had my umbrella, I'd ram it down your throat!" squealed the lawyer, as he buried his fingers in her scalp.

Hark! more to come yet. There was a sound of hurrying feet, and Henry Waldron, with two policemen at his side, bounded in among them.

But he did not pause to aid those who were striving to conquer the crazed being, a pale, deathlike face had not his gaze, and with a groan of fear, he sprang toward Cecilia.

Tenderly he raised her fair head, with its wreath of golden tresses to his knee; gently he whispered to ears that were just then opening to sounds of life.

"Daming!"

A smile, a loving look answered that one passionate word.

"She's done for!" exclaimed a voice, and, glancing up, Waldron saw a group standing before a motionless body that lay stretched upon the floor.

"Oh, hush up, Bill Forbes," said his companion. "Let's go on. Don't you see she is looking at us?"

The two passed on, but others took their places, all anxious to get a look at the "handsome gal" Nat Merritt had brought home. Two young men, bolder than the others, stopped and spoke to the miner, and he called them to seat beside the door.

"Glad you come, Ben," said he. "Same to you, too; 'cause I want you to know my little gal. A good gal, she is, and I've bin having her git a little book-lamin' down to 'Frisco. Pothooks and hangers ain't in my line, notwithstanding they are mighty good things to hev a knowledge of. So I left Jennie in school, and they do say she is about the cutest school in the kentry. Jennie, these two boys come up to see me often; I reckon they won't come any less now than you ar' here, but the old man won't git much of their company, I'm-a-thinkin'." This is Ben Sawyer, Jennie, and a better boy, though I do say it, you won't find in Oregon Gulch. This is Phil Carrier, his partner; they run the engine in the mill together. You must know them both."

Miss Jennie received the salutation of the young men demurely, at the same time studying them both through her long lashes.

The first was a tall young man, in a rough mining garb, with dark hair and eyes, and a merry face. The young girl liked him in a moment. The other she could not decide upon so quickly. He had a handsome face, slight—I had almost said effeminate—figure, but that his feats of muscle were so well known in Oregon Gulch. It was the slightly sneering look upon his dark face which Jennie did not like. The young girl seated themselves, and with an excuse to Jennie for smoking, young Sawyer laid a bunch of cigarettes upon the bench between himself and Carrier, and plunged at once into a miner's paradise, the component parts of which were before him—a pretty girl, good tobacco, and pleasant weather. They talked on for more than two hours in the calm sunshine, and Jennie told her how her father would have lived out his simple life alone, and left her in San Francisco, although he was pining for love of her, and would have given half the life allotted to him if she would spend the other half with him. But he did not know her, it seemed, for she came of a plain life with him, than alone in San Francisco. And so she had met him at Marysville, coming from the city alone. Ben Sawyer listened with a smile upon his handsome face, and let her talk on. It pleased him that this weak girl had yet been strong enough to throw aside the pleasures of city life for the rude companionship, for the sake of her old father. He went away feeling better for having seen her, and said as much to Carrier.

"Oh, you must fall in love with her, of course," replied Carrier. "How many times do you propose to make a fool of yourself?"

"I shall be a fool as far as women are concerned, until I die," replied Ben, carelessly. "But is she not a darling? Think of what she gave up for her father's sake."

"Yes, I know," replied Carrier. "I don't say anything against the girl, though I think she shows bad taste, too. Good-night; it's my turn at the mill."

"I'll be on hand at six o'clock. Good-night."

Carrer hurried away with a dark look upon his face, and when out of sight of his young companion, raised his hands with a gesture of wild hatred which was terrible.

"In this, as in every thing else, this man comes between me and that which I seek. Let him look out, for he is rousing a devil in my blood which it may take trouble to lay."

Ben Sawyer went down to the village, and relieved the anxiety of those who were in doubt as to the identity of Jennie Merritt.

Like all country places, the villagers were on nettles if any thing transpired which they did not understand. Just at present something else occupied their attention, for a mail coach had come in, which had been robbed in the gulch by outlaws.

"An' now look hyar," said the driver, a tall, saturnine-looking individual, in a sombrero. "Look at me. That's some one in this hyar camp hez been putting these robbers on the scent of good plunder, else they'd never rush on us when we had such a heap of dust every time. Now I don't

#### REMEMBRANCE.

BY E. M. TABER, 1890.

And even now it does not seem  
Those happy hours are past;  
We should have known that such a dream  
Was far too sweet to last.

The memory of our last farewell,  
The last we'll feel, is still with us;  
Comes like the echo of a knell  
That mourns the lost and dead.

I care not now if dark or bright,  
My future lot is cast,  
Since all the beauty and the light  
Are buried 'neath the past.

#### The Miner's Daughter.

BY C. D. CLARK.

From among the foot-hills, in the mountain region of California, a man had built a cabin, and lived alone for six months. A steady miner, a good companion, and a warm friend, he proved to be. He worked in the quartz mill at the foot of the great hill, and began to be well known over the Oregon Gulch section. One day when the mill closed for repairs, he borrowed a pair of mustangs from a rancher just below the mining settlement, and went away, riding one horse and leading the other by the bridle. In three days he came back, and not alone; for a beautiful girl in all the flush of beauty and grace, rode by his side, and he looked at her with a happy, loving glance, which showed that he was proud of her and loved her dearly, whoever she might be. It ran round through the camp that Nat Merritt had come home, and brought a handsome girl with him, and, one by one, those who were intimate with him, began to stroll up to the cabin, smoking their pipes in a carefree manner but casting sidelong glances at the cabin, to catch a glimpse of the new comer. They made no secret of it, for there was, sitting in the evening, sunshine on the bench in front of the cabin, with her golden head resting confidingly against his shoulder, and her soft brown eyes looking lovingly into his rough face.

"That gal is a crusher, Bill," said one rough miner to his fellow, when they had passed the pair. "Oh, my eye! did you ever see such a beauty? Hang me up for a Chinaman, if she don't beat the world."

"Oh, hush up, Bill Forbes," said his companion. "Let's go on. Don't you see she is looking at us?"

The two passed on, but others took their places, all anxious to get a look at the "handsome gal" Nat Merritt had brought home. Two young men, bolder than the others, stopped and spoke to the miner, and he called them to seat beside the door.

"Glad you come, Ben," said he. "Same to you, too; 'cause I want you to know my little gal. A good gal, she is, and I've bin having her git a little book-lamin' down to 'Frisco. Pothooks and hangers ain't in my line, notwithstanding they are mighty good things to hev a knowledge of. So I left Jennie in school, and they do say she is about the cutest school in the kentry. Jennie, these two boys come up to see me often; I reckon they won't come any less now than you ar' here, but the old man won't git much of their company, I'm-a-thinkin'." This is Ben Sawyer, Jennie, and a better boy, though I do say it, you won't find in Oregon Gulch. This is Phil Carrier, his partner; they run the engine in the mill together. You must know them both."

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## Story of a Lamp-post.

BY SYLVESTER MARLIN.

boy alluded to, entered a house situated in the same street as that of Colonel Sotheby, where he met a young and handsome man. A man, we say, if we judge from the dress; but in reality none other than Bertha Rowe, who had assumed this disguise, so foreign to her sex, the better to carry out her plans. Well, Nattie, what is it?" she eagerly asked.

"You sawed me off the soldier man, didn't ye? Wal, he tuck his hoss an' rid an' rid, I thought I'd a'most run my legs off, tryin' to keep in sight of him. But I did do it, cause you told me to, an' I'd a' died clean out afore I'd a' missed him. You know what the old house used to be, what is all terred down now, don't you? Over by the big river? Wal, he rid up, than an' stopped, an' then, as he got down, I sawed he had somethin' under his big cloak—a little box like, that was all black an' white, an' shone like every thin'."

"The ebony desk?"

"I reckon; anyhow it is of you says so. Wal, he got down, an' then went an' dug a hole with a great long toad-sticker, like, just under the broken stile, an' put the box in, an' kivered it up jes' keepful as you please. Then he laughed, an' rid away, an' I followed him clair home, whar he is now; or leastways was when I come over yere," concluded the boy, panting.

"Oh, Nattie!" if it should be true, as I hope, you shall never regret this! I will be your life-long friend, and you shall be a brother to me!" exclaimed Bertha, sinking into a chair, and pressing one hand upon her heart as if to still its wild throbings.

"No, Miss Bertha, that can't be, 'cause you're a angel, an' I'm notin' but a little devil—anyhow, that's what they all mean."

The atmosphere grew chilly. Bells tolled; voices were humming, and—PRESTO! I had an eye!

My very first glance discovered a ragged boy in the act of throwing away the match with which he had given me my eye.

Now, they must have thought a great deal of that eye, for they had it all done up nice, in a pretty glass box.

Looking down the street, I saw several eyes like mine; and I guessed that we were sentinels of some kind.

I lit up the pavement beautifully—in short, as the boot-blacks say: I was a "Hank-dori"—or some other gentleman by that name.

I took a survey of the house before which I stood. It was a gloomy structure; and I was loth to shine on its bricks, they were so shabby.

While I was making the most of my one eye, a scuddily-dressed individual came out at the front door, and stood on the steps, evidently watching for some one.

The evil glare of his bloodshot eyes scared me a little, and I sputtered trembly.

After a few minutes, Mr. "Someone" came along, in the shape of a small boy, who wore funny clothes and a dirty face.

"Dick?" called the man, in a low tone.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, approaching him.

"Did you see Jim, about the 'queer'?"

"Yes, sir. He says it's all right. He'll be down here soon."

"So? Very well. Now, hurry back into the 'crib,' and help 'em do the stampin'."

"Yes, sir."

Dick vanished through a basement doorway, and the seedy man started slowly up the street, muttering to himself, and rubbing his skinny hands together.

He was hardly out of sight, when two men came along, and entered the house. This pair was followed by another—and one of the latter was a lovely young girl.

"How much did we work off to-day?" she asked of her companion.

"About a thousand," was the reply, as they also disappeared.

I would have given a great deal—if I had that much—just then, to know what all this mysterious acting meant.

Kenton recovered first, and seeing that his sole hope was in prompt action, threw up his rifle, and quick as thought pulled the trigger.

A red-skin dropped at the shot, and before the smoke had drifted so as to permit a clear view, the daring woodsman was half a hundred yards away, running with the speed of a startled buck.

He had seen more than enough to tell him that for once, at least, rumor was correct. He had found, to use a frontier phrase, the "woods alive with red-skins," and it had been, all that day, a game of hide-and-seek between himself and his not less wily foes.

Skilled as Kenton was in woodcraft, however, he at length made a mistake, and suddenly found himself face to face with a war-party of some ten or twelve savages.

The meeting was totally unexpected to both, and for an instant there was no movement upon either side.

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A red-skin dropped at

## THE COUNTRY DANCE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

"To your places," goodness gracious,  
Don't go like a flock of geese!  
"Honors all," Keziah Muggins,  
Take your hat off, if you please,  
"Forward, four and back again."  
Jerry, round the room we will.  
"Barney all," Take how you tackle,  
"Barney all," You lost your balance, say!  
"Lemonade all?" Bless me, Hiram,  
Don't kick up your heels so high!  
"Swing your partners, John and Sally,  
Stop your kissin' on the sly.  
"Right and left all round." Not that way;  
You are getting mixed up there;  
"Sashay all?" Your cornfield garters  
Make more noise than I can bear.  
"Forward two and back again."  
Jim don't throw yourself away.  
"Dos-a-dos?" Don't get excited;  
Keep your coats on, boys, I pray.  
"Gentlemen, balance to the right."  
There, you all are jumping wrong!  
"Half-lemonade?" Uriah Williams,  
Don't you think you're going it strong?  
"Hurry up, hurry up, now move your eye there,  
Jake, you have never moved before;  
"Ladies change." Oh, Polly Simmons,  
There you go upon the floor!  
"Forward four and back again."  
Stop, until I rosin my bow.  
"Ladies balance to the right."  
Caleb Short, don't stub your toe.  
"Gentlemen, balance to the left."  
Snap, there goes my little string.  
"Balance to your pardners?" So,  
Hez, quit pinching Polly King.  
"Lemonade all?" It's getting hot here,  
Cale, you dance like climbing up-stairs.  
"Ladies" — There, my E string's busted,  
"Swing your partners to their chairs."

The Black Spider.  
A TALE OF THE HIGH SEAS.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES HOWARD.

"Sir, will you not spare *my life*?" pleaded a beautiful girl, just entering womanhood, who knew before the bloodiest freebooter of modern days, who, from the gory decks of the ship he had just captured, was ordering the women and children who had been spared, upon a raft at the vessel's side. "For years, sir, I have been in France, and was returning to my native land, where father and mother wait and pray for my safe return. For their sakes spare me."

"Go aboard that raft, girl!" hissed the buccaneer, as he spurned the fair suppliant from his untying presence. "San Diego can not be made foolish by the tears of a woman. Spiders, carry her to the raft."

Instantly several stalwart men darted forward, and Bertha Mitchell was borne to the raft. Then the ropes were severed.

Amid the shrieks of the doomed ones, the raft drifted away, and was soon lost to the pirates' sight by the darkness that broadened over the boisterous Atlantic.

"That's better than to cut their throats," said the Black Spider of the Atlantic, as San Diego was called, turning from the side of the vessel. "If they ever see home again, may I never see heaven."

"Clinton Dryden, you hear my words. I ask no further parley with you. I have selected a husband for my daughter, and that man — Ross Bowen — she must wed!"

"So be it," said the young sailor, and without another word he folded his arms and strode, calm and collected, from the banker's presence.

For many months the handsome captain of the Black Eagle had loved the fair and only daughter of the richest banker in the Crescent City, but was not greatly disappointed when her father refused him her hand.

He knew Ross Bowen as few men knew him. He knew that the wealth the old *roue* reveled in was almost as ill-gotten as the pirate's; and, as he walked from the banker, he vowed, inaudibly, that the woman he loved should never wed Ross Bowen.

Suspecting the true state of affairs, the banker, accompanied by several officers of the law, came on board the Black Eagle and caused the arrest of its captain for abduction.

"My daughter is on board his infernal ship!" cried the banker.

"You are at liberty to search it," was the confident reply of the young captain.

The vessel underwent a thorough examination, but the missing girl rewarded not the eyes of her father.

"You see she is not on my ship," said young Dryden, gazing triumphantly into the banker's eye. "She must have fled from you of her own accord, and I do not blame her, when you would wed her to the greatest villain that ever traversed the streets of New Orleans."

"Release him," said the banker, turning, deeply chagrined, from the young sea captain, and the trio left the vessel.

When the sun reached the meridian, the Black Eagle spread her sails, and the Crescent City faded from sight.

"Now must I release my prisoner," said Clinton Dryden, going below, as the shades of evening were falling upon the water. "Did the banker think that I, who adore his daughter, would leave her to wed, by force, one whom she detests?" and a triumphant cackling parted the young man's lips.

Below, Clinton prepared a hidden door, and a joyous cry greeted his ears.

"Safe at last, Bertha!" he cried, springing to the side of a beautiful girl, who reclined on a luxurious couch, in the magnificent hidden state-room. "We are now fairly on the Atlantic, Bertha, and in Venus we enter that joyous life, never to be marred by the hand of man."

She smiled at the future she had painted in glowing colors, and together the twin ascended to the deck, where the captain's triumph was hailed with glad acclamation by the sailors.

Day after day the vessel pursued her course across the ocean, and the lovers reveled in each other's smiles.

One Stygian night something struck the sides of the Black Eagle with a dull thud, and the watches were frightened from their posts by dark forms that swarmed upon the deck.

"The Black Spider" was the cry that parted the lips of the Americans, and from his slumber sprung Clinton Dryden to lead the bloody and brief was the battle, and the young captain and a number of his bravest men found themselves lashed to the masts, while the pirates disappeared below for the purpose of sacking the vessel.

A lantern guided San Diego to the captain's cabin, and throwing aside the little door of the wine-closet, he drew forth a bottle of rare vintage and stepped to the table.

"I will drink the best before my men arrive," he muttered, breaking the neck of the bottle with his pistol.

The ruby liquid had touched his lips, when a slight noise startled him, and a moment later one of the carved panels in the wall before his eyes flew up, and revealed a beautiful woman reclining on a couch.

With an oath, and trembling like the aspen's leaf, the Black Spider sunk beside the table, and stared at the supposed apparition.

"My God!" he cried, at length; "the sea gives up the dead!" Long have I been haunted by the tearful face I drove upon a raft in mid-ocean four years ago — the face of Bertha Mitchell. But now, in cold flesh, she comes when my hands are red with blood. Jesu! is there no mercy?"

And the pale lips the pirate gazed upon, part in the echo:

"No mercy!"

"Heavens! the dead speak!" shrieked San Diego, springing to his feet, and darting, never once looking back, from the cabin.

He gained the deck, and his loud voice called his men from the sack. To them he presented a terribly frightened countenance.

"The dead occupies a state-room on this vessel!" he cried, as they gathered round him. "To your vessel, Spiders! The riches of heaven could not detain me here one minute."

"But the prisoners!" cried a pirate, pointing to the men bound to the masts, who were to have been burned alive on the Black Eagle after the sack.

With flashing sabers the pirates sprung to the bound men, and the blade of the foremost was raised over Clinton Dryden's head, when a shriek broke from Diego's lips:

"The dead comes!" he cried, pointing to the main hatch, above which a white figure was slowly appearing.

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"The dead comes!" he cried, pointing to the main hatch, above which a white figure was slowly appearing.

"Lively, boyees!" exclaimed the old fellow, "ther man as ar' lucky enuff to rope this paint ar' a-goin' to hev a big thing to himself. Rube, ther there, looks if he mout do it on his 'lay-bank.'

"Well, old man," I replied, "if I do rope him, I promise that he shall be yours."

"The ropes were severed by the sabers of the pirate crew, as thoroughly frightened as their leader, and the Black Spider drifted from the scene of conflict.

Bertha soon severed the cords that bound her lover and the remnant of his brave tars to the masts, and with grateful hearts, they witnessed the departure of the frightened, terrible Spiders.

The next day the Black Eagle resumed her voyage, and, in time, reached Venice, where Bertha Mitchell — the young girl whom San Diego had once doomed to the raft, but who was saved by an English vessel, after drifting for three days in mid-ocean — wedded the young captain of the Black Eagle.

When the lovers returned to the Crescent City, the once obdurate banker warmly wrung Clinton Dryden's hand, and thanked him for saving his daughter from Ross Bowen, who had perished on the gallows.

San Diego, the Black Spider, was so thoroughly frightened by the specter of the state-room, that he relinquished murder on the high seas, and retired to Lisbon, where he met the proper reward for his crimes — stiletto-cleft heart.

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